

## The Cerrillos Rustler.

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CERRILLOS - - - NEW MEXICO.

AT 8:30 P. M.

The music of the distant sea  
New murmurs through the balmy air,  
No longer butterfly and bee  
Fill round the flowers here and there.  
The first white star is in the sky,  
The hazy reds beneath the weed,  
And in a heap  
Upon the bosom of the mead.

The bat is circling wild and free,  
The frog is croaking loud and long,  
Mine ear, methinks, discovers  
The shrill note of the whistling song.  
I hear the shrilling whip-poor-will  
That keeps it up with Spartan spunk,  
White on yon spine,  
A wild refrain.

The June bug goes "kerplunk! kerplunk!"

The banner of the mellow corn  
Now ripples like a silver lake  
Beneath the rising moon, whose horn  
Keeps your infernal dog awake.  
The dead dog's on the lily bell,  
The hollyhock's asleep, and hence  
I'll tilt my chair  
In comfort rare,  
And rest my heels upon the fence.

The night is grand, no cloudlets sail  
Across the star-bespinkled sky;  
The turkey cackles on the rail,  
Is not one eighth as glad as I.  
Oh, golden rapture brims my cup,  
I dream on Pleasure's pearly shore—  
Now there squats Joe,  
Which means a go,  
As you please all night upon the floor.  
—Pack.

### THE CREEPING PLANT.

A Botanist's Sad Death in the  
Wilds of China.



POOR HAMMOND managed to get a month's leave at the same time as myself. That was how we came to join hands and arrange for the trip to Formosa. I wish I had worked on for a year longer now, with all my heart. We crossed from Amoy to Taiwan, a big town on the west coast of Formosa, and made our preparations for getting well into the wilds. You see, we had both been in China a matter of ten years, and could pass muster very well with our knowledge of two or three dialects of the dreadfully profuse language of the empire. And so we expected to get along all right—I to shoot a variety of strange quadrupeds and feathered creatures, and Hammond to enlarge his already very copious collection of plants and grasses.

I never knew a man more enthusiastic about his hobby than was Hammond about his specimens. It cost him many a groan to leave them on the mainland. But for the infinite annoyance they would have cost us both, he would have carried them with him to Formosa. They filled eight boxes as big as American traveling trunks—what with their layers of wood and thick blotting paper, and the camphor-wood cases in which the different species reposed apart from each other. Poor old chap! he might have pleased himself in the matter. I wish he had, for his interest in the things might have kept him from the craze that killed him.

For a week we had a very agreeable time in the bungalow of a certain Scotch missionary whose name will be a familiar memory to every European who has stayed awhile in the island. He was—indeed is—a very remarkable man, and a credit to the Anglo-Saxon race. If every man had his due, he ought to be appointed governor general of Formosa; though I doubt not he would refuse the dignity. This by the way. And yet I ought to mention him

HE LOOKED A STRANGE OBJECT.

If only for the earnest warning he gave us about the vermin and reptiles of the interior. We spent two days in journeying from his house to the woods in which we proposed to camp for a fortnight, as happy as Adam and Eve before the fall.

The forest scenery was magnificent, but the brake of brambles and flowering creepers which matted themselves between the tree trunks made progress very slow. We did not stick to the tracks; otherwise, of course, it would have been different. And we were repaid for our labor by the strange

creatures I shot, and by many a grass and flower which Hammond was as elated over as a mother with her first child.

Two more days passed, and we pronounced our holiday a success. Then Hammond sickened of a fever or a sunstroke, I could not determine which. He became delirious, and I feared he would die. I must say the native Formosans, for all their savage look—they were all but naked in this part of the island—were very kind. They brought me various juices and simples, which they urged me to use upon the invalid. But I was afraid to do that. I preferred to rely upon cold spicing and the quinine in our medicine chest.

On the seventh night of his illness, when he was so quiet and improved in tone that I thought I could leave him in charge of Wan Tan, our little native aide-de-camp, and get a good sleep myself, I was suddenly awakened by the boy with the words: "He has gone!" True enough, Hammond had evaded his guard and run off into the woods in his "pyjamas." I was dreadfully alarmed. Without loss of time, however, the boy and I set out in pursuit; and after about half an hour we caught him up as he was returning with bent head and puerile brow, but looking as free from delirium as man could.

"Why, my dear fellow," I said, "what in the world led you to do so mad a thing?"

Hammond gazed at me indifferently for a moment. It was just as if he had not yet got his senses fully after a bad night. Then, with a good deal of excitement, he bade me congratulate him.

"Upon what?" I asked.  
"Do you not remember," he replied, "how we two have talked about the possible existence of plants that move from one spot to another with the same freedom as we concealed bipeds? Well, I've solved that problem. They do exist. But I can't—I really can't—make out satisfactorily whether they do it by the exercise of volition, or whether they are transported in spite of themselves. It's not a bit of use troubling the British association on the subject until we have settled that—is it?"

I was half disposed to laugh at him when he said this. But the mysterious and quite unusual kind of earnestness in his expression while he was speaking not only deterred me, but even again made me feel uneasy about him.

"You are not serious, Hammond?" I said. "And besides, old fellow, it's very wrong of you to run away in this fashion. Not to speak of the fright you gave me, you'll catch a chill, and we shall have that fever business all over again."

"Fever business! What do you mean?"  
"Why, you know you have been ill, and you're not well yet; and so come right along to bed again."

He said nothing to this, but allowed the boy and me to take care of him. I must say he looked a strange object wrapped up in the blue blanket which I had seized for the purpose when we went after him, and especially when the moon shone upon him through the teak trees of the forest. The scurrying among the branches overhead seemed to imply that the monkeys also found him a spectacle too strong for their nerves.

He was better in the afternoon and talked of the service and other matters in a perfectly rational manner. It seems he had written to Pelkin begging to be removed from Amoy; and he discussed the chances of a favorable reply to his letter rationally enough, though with a disregard for the benevolence that I in that case should suffer which puzzled me. For he was naturally the most unselfish of men, and he had over and over again said he would never leave Amoy without me, and that he would never be left in it if I was appointed vice consul elsewhere.

Towards sunset he became excited. I did not like the metallic glitter in his eye. It recalled to me in an ugly manner a certain visit I had paid to a Chinese madhouse a little time previously. He was irritable, moreover, and would not let me touch his pulse. When I wanted him to come into the hut for the night he objected.

"No, Randolph," he said, "not till the moon there also goes to bed in the antipodes. I particularly mean to be awake to-night."

"Why?" I asked.

"Because I am as sure as I stand here that I saw one last night, and it was when the moon was high. I reckon it went at about the rate of a yard a minute. I mean to secure it, and I should very much like to photograph it before nabbing it."

"What are you talking about, old chap?" I asked again, with the dismal fear at my heart that the fever or sunstroke had affected his brain.

"The creeping plant, Randolph. It was, as well as I could guess at it, nine feet long, with flowers all the way along it—the calyx a bright blue. I never saw anything so odd since I was born. Do you know, I almost lost my senses in a sort of excitement over it, and I suppose it got away in the meantime, for when I tried to find it again I couldn't!"

I could only stare at him in bewilderment. He was certainly not joking, and yet the idea of a plant of this description was to my unobservant intelligence perfectly ridiculous.

But poor Hammond did not like my incredulous look. "You don't believe me, I see!" he exclaimed pettishly. "That's ever the way with you practical fellows. I am thankful I'm not practical. Anyhow, too, I mean to get

it this night, alive or dead—that's a clear thing."

"No, my please, don't think of it," I entreated. "Wait till you're a bit stronger, and then if you like we'll do nothing else but hunt this crawling beastie, or whatever it is."

"I am as strong as ever I was, if I may judge by my feelings, and so you may as well make up your mind to my going. Remember, Randolph, that I'm your senior in the service, and I won't put up with dictation from you or any other man of your time of life."

I could only shrug my shoulders, and suggest to him as casually as possible that of course I had no right to interfere with his movements, but that for his own sake he ought not to go off in "pyjamas" again, as he did before.

"Yes, that was indiscreet," the dear old fellow observed, with a smile.

We humored him for the rest of the evening, and at length he fell asleep in his bamboo couch-chair, and we covered him lightly and arranged the mosquito curtains to protect him as much as possible.

But I had no intention of going to bed. Somehow or other, I fancied he would wake and start off into the woods just as he had done before. At the back of my mind I confess, too, there was a thin phantom of curiosity about the shape nine feet long, with flowers upon it, which had dived so well with Hammond's ideal of a creeping plant.

Accordingly, I lit my pipe and read the North China Herald until I began to feel drowsy. The paper had dropped from my hands, and I was pondering weakly about the likelihood of some good-natured senior in the service resolving to retire or to die for the good of his juniors, when I heard a rustling. My eyes opened sharply. Yes, it was as, with electrical promptitude, I had surmised: Hammond was bolt upright, staring at the moonlight outside and pushing the curtains away from him. I did not move, but watched him between my half-closed eyelids.

Consciousness seemed to come upon him all in a moment. He bounded from the chair and made for the door. Then, with a look I shall never forget, he turned back and snatched up the same blue blanket I had wrapped him



THE POOR FELLOW MADE A SNATCH AT THE REPTILE.

in before. He flung it over his shoulders and sped into the open. I followed him. And I had to be brisk, or else I should have soon lost sight of him; for the dark limbs of the trees were thick enough to hide him for a quarter of a minute at a time. It was a strange chase, this in the murmurous night, with ever and anon the startling cry from a parrot or a monkey resounding in the air. A barred tail pheasant shot over my head with a whirr that would have made a man unused to such noises wonder what was happening. Hats, too, went to and fro in the moonlight, now and then eclipsing the planet completely.

I don't know how long I followed the poor fellow; I knew only that I was much torn by the thorns on the rose-bushes which impeded my movements. How sweet was the perfume of these blossoms in the cool, humid night air I can recall at this moment distinctly.

It was almost by accident that I at length came upon Hammond. He was stooping and peering here and there about a small spot of common grass with holes in the ground and a thicket of bramble and clematis on one side. I did not notice it at first; but there was a wisp of passion flowers hanging from one of the boughs of a tree just over him. One of the flowers was a superb specimen with a dazzling corolla.

Standing in the shade I watched him. He began to poke among the brambles with a bit of stick. Then there was a movement, and with an exclamation of "Did I not say so?" Hammond stepped tenderly aside while a great snake crept forth with an angry hiss and a poise of its head. I had time to see that its body from the shoulder was beautifully marked much as Hammond had described his plant; but time for no more. The poor fellow had bent down and made a snatch at the reptile; at the same instant the snake had darted at him and bitten him over the eye.

And when I had rushed to the place the snake had gone, and Hammond was holding both hands to his face and looking about him with an awfully dazed expression. The shock had brought him wholly to his right mind!

On our way back he commented on his folly as if it had been the action of some one else. But the pain of the venom in him had already be-

gun to tell. Between us we had done what we could as precautionary measures, though this was little enough.

He was prepared for what followed—so much prepared that he made me write his will for him the moment we reentered the hut. I did it on a piece of common tissue paper, the only available material. The swelling all the time was getting worse and worse; nor was his agony in the least abated by the fat and oil which Wan Tan rubbed upon it.

The poor fellow died at eleven o'clock, after suffering fearfully. Almost his last words were these, with an attempt at a smile that nearly set me crying: "What an ass I was, to be sure, old fellow!"

Before I left the place, and when we had buried him, I made my way again to the spot where he had met his doom, and pulled down the spray of passion flower which had drooped over him when he was bitten. This flower, dried, and under glass, is one of various articles that serve as mementoes of incidents in my career—incidents, I am glad to say, not always so tragical as this.—Chambers' Journal.

### A LAZY MAN'S PARADISE.

The Slothful Lives of the Peasants of Paraguay.

Butter is very rare in the Paraguayan capital, because the peasants will not attend to their cows, lead them to good pasture and work a churn. At Asuncion we have seen the cows turned out into the street to graze, where there is next to nothing to eat. At Villa Concepcion the case is the same, whereas if the cows were led half a mile to the edge of the town they would find abundant pasture and give good milk. This is only one instance out of a thousand. Take, again, those old and young women we saw squatting in the market with little scraps of produce spread out before them. Suppose they sell this for ten cents, they have enough to buy mate, tobacco and mandioca, which are their chief ailments; and thus they keep the household going, with the help of oranges, that lie in many places a foot deep on the ground. A caustic observer has said that the Paraguayan peasant lives on mate and the smell of a greased rag. The greased rag is an exaggeration. Mate, mandioca, tobacco, sugar cane, oranges and cana run as a luxury, such are the ordinary and extraordinary articles of consumption. With poor food such as this, the men are naturally weak and indolent; and being at the same time the lords of creation, they pass their lives in meditative laziness, and leave the women to do what little work is absolutely required to keep a roof over their heads. These Paraguayans, poor and ignorant as they may be, are proud and susceptible; they never say thank you except as a formula of refusal; it is useless to order them about; they must be treated with gentleness and persuasion, as equals, and even then not much can be got out of them. So I was told by a dozen men who have had varied experience in that country. The educated Paraguayans themselves admit this much, but without notable disapproval; and with an impatient click of the tongue against the teeth, and much writhing and shrugging of neck and shoulders, they will protest against Americanism, progress, and doing things quickly. "It is not in the character of the nation," they will say. "It is in our nature to go on slowly, quietly, without effort; and fortune comes to us almost while we are sleeping."—Theodore Child, in Harper's Magazine.

### The Value of Hardship.

As a gladiator trained the body so must we train the mind to self-sacrifice, "to endure all things," to meet and overcome all difficulty and danger. We must take the rough and thorny roads as well as the smooth and pleasant ones; and a portion at least of our daily duty must be hard and disagreeable, for the mind cannot be kept strong and healthy with perpetual sunshine only, and the most dangerous of all states is that of constantly recurring pleasure, ease and prosperity. Most persons will find difficulties and hardships enough without seeking them; let them not repine, but take them as a part of that educational discipline necessary to fit the mind to arrive at its highest good.—N. Y. Ledger.

### The Disobedient Husband.

Mrs. Rural (angrily)—You promised me when you went up to the city last winter that you wouldn't go near Cousin Maggie's.

Mr. Rural—Yes, a dear.

"But you did."

"I only took one meal there, my dear."

"I knew it—I knew you had taken a meal there or something. Murder will out."

"What's happened, my dear?"

"She writes that she is coming here with her six children to stay all summer."—N. Y. Weekly.

### She Knew Her Rights.

A little tot of four stood close against the car window watching the sights that flashed into view. A lady came in, and seeing an apparently empty seat, took possession of it. The child turned about, and with a troubled look studied the intruder's bonnet and hair, and then, in the politest manner, touched her upon the shoulder and said: "Someone's sitting in this seat!"

The lady apologized and arose, and the spectators smiled.—N. Y. Recorder.

### HOUSEHOLD BREVITIES.

—A nice dessert dish of chocolate is made by creaming together two ounces of butter with two ounces of sugar, the yolks of three eggs and three ounces of grated chocolate, adding last the well beaten whites of the eggs. Bake in a battered mold.—N. Y. World.

—To test the purity of linen goods, wet your finger and touch it to the under side of the linen. If it is pure and unmixed with cotton it will show through at once; it mixed it will take longer to become damp, and if it contains no linen at all it will not show through at all.

—To take iron rust out of white goods pour a teaspoonful of boiling water, stretch the goods tightly across the top of it, then pour on a little of the solution of oxalic acid dissolved in water and rub it with the end of a spoon or anything. If it does not come out at once dip it down into the hot water again.—Old Homestead.

—Speed Cookies.—Two eggs, two cups sugar, one cup seeded raisins or currants, three-fourths cup butter, one teaspoon each of cinnamon, cloves, nutmeg, mace and allspice, three tablespoons water, two tablespoons baking powder. Use flour to make a soft dough. Roll it thin and bake in a quick oven.—Housekeeper.

—Potpourri.—Fry slightly a piece of veal, then mince it very fine, mix then some egg plant, a few Lima beans, a little corn finely cut, a little onion, mushroom, tomato, potato and parsley chopped fine. Mince all together with a lump of butter, put it in a pan and fry it. All the vegetables must be previously cooked. If you have cold chicken, lobster, crab, etc., mince and add to the dish.—Detroit Free Press.

—Indian Light Cake.—One pint of Indian meal, one pint of milk, two eggs, one teaspoonful of butter, salt to taste, one teaspoonful of dissolved saleratus. Mix the butter and salt with the meal; boil half the milk, add the dissolved saleratus and the eggs, after they have been well beaten, to the remaining half of cold milk. Pour the boiling milk over the meal and let it cool. Then add the cold milk and saleratus. Bake it in a shallow pan.—Boston Budget.

—In dwelling houses lighted by gas a frequent renewing of the air is of great importance. A single gas burner will consume far more oxygen and produce more carbonic acid to deteriorate the atmosphere of a room than six or eight candles. If, therefore, when several burners are used, no provision is made for the escape of the corrupted air and for the introduction of pure air from without, the health of those inhabiting such an apartment must necessarily suffer.

—Boiled Rice.—Wash half a pound of rice, throw it into one quart of boiling water containing two teaspoonfuls of salt and boil it fast ten minutes; drain it in a colander, saving the water to use with broth next day; meantime, grease the pot with sweet drippings, put the rice back in it, cover it and set it on a brick on the top of the stove, or in a cool oven and let it stand ten minutes to swell; be careful not to burn it. The addition of a very little butter, sugar, molasses, nutmeg, lemon juice, or salt and pepper, will give it different flavors, and vary the taste.—Springfield Republican.

### COMBINATION GOWNS.

Suggestions for Making Neat and Dressy Costumes.

If possessed of a striped plaid or checked skirt that is in good condition, and the bodice to it worn out, just make it into a fan-plaited back, or one trip e box-plait, with a plain front and sides, and a bias ruffle gathered and doubled at the top to form its own heading, which reaches to the back width on each side. For the bodice have a coat basque of one of the darker shades in the skirt, using either light-weight cloth, camel's-hair or Henrietta, with an edging round the neck, wrists and lower part of the basques, or hip pieces of gilt and silk gimp. The basque may be made very dressy by adding a small square or V-shaped plastron of crepe in plaits, which may be white, or one of the light shades of the skirt. A coat basque of black silk or lace skirts. One of light-cream brocade makes a lovely evening dress for a matron, and may give several changes by wearing it with different skirts.

Coats and pointed basques of plain woolen goods are worn with sleeves and skirts of figured materials. Sleeves, basques and a bias skirt border of bengaline, faille or silk brocade, will trim up an old-fashioned Henrietta so that its owner will scarcely know it. Correspondents asking about remodeling old silk gowns will be safe in adding the brocade, a trimming of tinsel and silk cord and a plastron of white or light-colored crepe, which may be strapped across with the passementerie. If the dress is for a young lady, it is a pretty idea to cut the basque low in the neck and fill out with a yoke of China silk, surah or crepe, edging the low neck and wrists with tinsel galloon. This is equally stylish for a dressy woolen gown intended for the house. Entire skirt fronts and sleeves of figured material are worn with basques and plaited back of plain fabric.

### Wrongly Censured.

"Are you aware sir," said the man in the rear, fiercely, "that your umbrella is poking me in the eye?"

"It isn't my umbrella," replied the man in front, with equal fierceness; it's a borrowed one, sir.—Jury.